

Dear Jack,

Wish I thought there were a chance of my getting out there sometime in the even not near future, but I'm more broke than ever. I think often of those two silent women, too, and how right they were about everything except the natural but in this case unwarranted suspicion because of the politics. I'd like to be able to talk to them because they may know that of which they do not know the significance. You might tell them when you see them that after I spoke to you I did get to Dallas, did not mention them, did find the padre, with whom I had a long talk (everybody said he had disappeared, but he hadn't) and that Joanna would talk to me but I was pressed for time and couldn't get there before she had reservations for a trip.

Sylvia remarried the same man, got divorced, remarried, returned to Miami as of my last (not recent) information. I found her fink, extremist uncle in H.O. and he professed not even to know her new name. These are really farout people, incredible when you are there and hear and see. They believe the most unbelievable nonsense as they believe in their church.

I keep on working. I've completed the most definitive work by far, twice the text of my earlier JFK books in length and with a documentary appendix so vast as to in itself be unpublishable. For all practical purposes, the book with only a minimum appendix is commercially unpublishable and I haven't the means to do anything about getting it printed. It has what was withheld from the Commission itself, it is that hot. I got it all legitimately and with work so extensive and time-consuming I doubt anyone would believe it. But there also are no angels, so I see no prospect of getting it printed. I haven't been able to pay for the last one yet and we really haven't anything like what it takes for subsistence living, which does not make continuing work easy. I got beat out of better than a third of the "advance" on the King/Ray book and the publisher has yet to arrange a single promo. He did try to kill almost all of the few I arranged. Even the talk shows where I have friends were uptight because the publisher would do nothing and wouldn't air by phone, saying why should they pay the publisher's normal business costs. I can't blame them, much as I regretted it. I've carried that work far forward from what is in Frame-Up, which I think you'll find definitive enough when you read it. Foreman fled a New York TV studio when he found he was to confront me. Need I say more or claim higher endorsement? Best regards,